this, a flickering candle lights the table where we are finishing dinner. The full moon appears over the mountain, exactly at that point in the pass where we came through. Shall I remember the fried eggs, the far too savory ham, the grilled nuts that we nibbled with salt, the vigorous wine whose perfume seemed wrapped in tar; and above all, as we came out of our bath, the glasses of ice water cut with a drop of anisette? With nothing ahead of us but rest, we indulged our thirst; I felt as if made of sand.

The excessive fatigue enfevers my night. Yet the bed is good, and free of fleas and bedbugs. In the same room, lehl occupies a bed up against the wide-open window, through which the moon shines all night long.

Awakened at four thirty, we shall set out at five; touched by the cordiality of our hosts. Beside a huge fire in the kitchen are huddled the three children, who were chasing each other barefoot last night through the bedrooms.

We have succeeded in renting a horse, which I mount as we start, for I feel far from nimble. In the distance, in the valley beneath our path, can be seen flocks of sheep still in the folds.

At-----, on the upper floor of a little *posada* we are served bread, a flat sausage liberally peppered, some lamb's cheese, and eggs fried in a rather nauseous oil; blackish, harsh wine.

Las Escaldas; watering-place; we were dreaming of pools like those of Alet, hot and cold waters at will. . . . We find only a very ordinary hotel lying in ambush on the road; the bathtubs that are offered us are hardly attractive. . . . As soon as we have ordered our lunch, we set out back along the rapid stream we have just come down, looking for a protected spot.

The hateful inn! While I am writing this a phonograph is barking in the dining-room, where we soon go in to eat. Six priests arrive and are immediately at home. We wanted to lunch at eleven,

then set out again so as to he able to sleep at Seo d'Urgel, We are forced to wait for the general meal.

"You are not in a hurry," asserts the innkeeper.

'What do you know about it?"

"Oh, you are not the first travelers I have detained."

What a meal! No matter how robust it is, our appetite broad-jumps over unqualifiable courses; but all through the meal the innkeeper takes care to fan his guests with a sort of enormous feather-duster fly-whisk made of varicolored cloth streamers.

At Andorra la Vieja can be seen: a goose with its wing turned the wrong way so that it comes up to the level of his beak; a duck without